

The Historie of

Fals. I would it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what neede I bee so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, honor prickes me on: yea, but how if honor prickes me off when I come on? how then? can honor set to a leg? no: or an arme? no: or take away the griefe of a wound? no: honor hath no skill in surgery then? no: What is honour? a word: why is in that word honor? what is that honour? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that dyed a Wednesday: doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea: to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, sir Richard, The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. T were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vnder one.

It is not possible: it cannot be,
The king should keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and finde a time
To punish this offence in other faultes,
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,
For treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherish't and lock't vp,
Will haue a wild trick of his ancessers:
Looke how we can, or sad or merrily;
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feede like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish't, still the neerer death.
My nephewes trespassse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotspur gouerned by a spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,

Henrie the fourth.

We as the spring of all, shall pay for all:

Therefore good coosen, let not Harry know,

In any case the offer of the king.

Enter Hotspur.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, ile say tis so. Here comes your coosen.

Hot. My vnckle is return'd.

Deliuer vp my Lord of Westmerland,

Vnckle, what newes.

Wor. The King will bid you battell presently,

Doug. Desie him by the Lord of Westmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry and shall, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our griuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworne,
He calls vs rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With hawtie armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug.*

Doug. Arme, gentlemen, to armes: for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in king Henries teeth,
And Westmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How shewd his talking? seemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challenge vrg'd more modestly,
Vnlesse a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and prooffe of Armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd vp your prayeses with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your desertings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed.

He